

# LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"You must not give me false hopes, Bridget," she said gravely. "You know at the time of Mrs. Lindon's death you, among others, never doubted the legality of the will."

"I can't express myself well, ma'am," said Bridget Ransom; "but if I tell my story my own way perhaps you'll understand. When you and Mr. Dynevor engaged me as nurse to Miss Kitty you made one stipulation—that I was not to be talking continually of Mrs. Lindon. You said the subject was a very painful one, and you did not want to discuss it."

"We both felt it a mistake to dwell on it," agreed Mrs. Dynevor.

"And so I never told you what my poor lady suffered," returned Bridget. "Care for her? Eustace Lindon cared for no one but himself and the baby. He was so jealous of his wife's affection for her firstborn that as soon as his own child was born he sent little Miss Lillian away to the country. She was brought up in a French peasant's cottage, and the parting almost broke her mother's heart."

"But, Bridget," persisted Mrs. Dynevor, "why tell me all this now? It is too late to help either my poor sister-in-law or her child."

"Please hear me out," said Mrs. Ransom. "I might have written home, and told you and Miss Lillian's uncle, only Mrs. Lindon begged me not. The fact was her husband hated Miss Lillian, and she thought the poor child happier anywhere away from him."

"Did he care for his own child?"

"Yes; but she was a sickly little thing, and with none of her mother's beauty. She had an English nurse—rather a flighty young woman, whom my mistress hated. When Mr. Lindon suddenly declared they couldn't afford to keep me and Julia, she begged and prayed for him to let me be the one to stay, and I humbled myself to ask him, too. I said I'd do all my own work and look after the child as well; but it was of no use. I went, Julia stayed."

Mrs. Dynevor could not see the thread of these recollections, but she listened patiently.

"A year or two after I left you, ma'am, I met Julia again. She wasn't in service then, but she seemed to have plenty of money, and she told me Mr. Lindon allowed her 50 pounds a year for the sake of all she had done for the child."

"I thought it was the most generous thing I'd ever heard of him; but I didn't come all this way to tell you of this. I'm a widow now, and I've a nice little lodging house at Brighton. I took a partner lately, and she turns out to have been housekeeper to Mr. Lindon for ten years; and Mrs. Dynevor, she says the woman he has married is the Julia who was fellow-servant with me in France."

Mrs. Dynevor looked bewildered. "Now, with all his faults, he was a gentleman," went on Mrs. Ransom, "and Julia Maunders was a common, uneducated woman, who could never be companion to him. Mrs. Markham, my partner, told me she had actually been in his house as attendant to his daughter, that she gave way to drink, and when not quite herself, actually struck Miss Lindon. Now, ma'am, a gentleman doesn't marry a vulgar, uneducated woman of forty, who, besides, is given to drink, without some reason. Mrs. Markham and I have talked the matter over and over again, and we believe there's something wrong about the will, and Julia knew it."

At that moment Harold Dynevor came in. He would have gone away on seeing his mother was not alone; but she detained him, and in a few words gave him the heads of Mrs. Ransom's story.

"I can't see how the will could be a fraud," he answered, "and yet everything points to it. Lindon dismissing the attendant who was true to his wife, and keeping the one who could be bribed, points to fraud; but, mother, I don't see what we are to do."

Neither did Mrs. Dynevor; but their visitor now proceeded to relate the best part of her story.

"Mrs. Markham told me a good deal of her young lady, Beryl Lindon, and I'm ready to swear she is not the child I left in Julia's care when I was sent away. There must be plenty of people left in the French village who remember little Beryl. She was so puny and backward for a long time the doctor feared she was an idiot. She had light hair, almost white and perfectly straight, and big, watery blue eyes—the sort of eyes you see oftenest in idiots. At three years old she could hardly walk. No one but her father could see anything to admire in her."

"According to Mrs. Markham, Beryl Lindon has very dark eyes, blue-grey, and almost black lashes, and curly brown hair. I can't think even fifteen years would make such a change."

Mrs. Dynevor looked from her son to Mrs. Ransom.

"I am sure you both see something—some explanation; but I cannot."

"Mother," said Harold hoarsely, "forgive me! I have kept a secret from you. The girl you know as Beryl Lindon is really Aunt Nina's daughter. She came to Easthill to escape from her father and his second wife. An accident gave me the key to her secret. She wanted never to come here again because she was our enemy's daughter; but I told her we

would be content to think of her only as her mother's child."

"She is Nina's image," breathed Mrs. Dynevor; "but even then—"

"I have no proof," said Harold, "any more than Mrs. Ransom; but I believe we both think the same, and to me it is a strong conviction. I believe that when he saw his own child's state was hopeless, Lindon conceived a desperate scheme. He would send away the only person likely to betray him, he would bribe the nurse into silence, his wife was so ill a few months would end her life, and she would never know his deception. As soon as Bridget left we know he removed his family to another part of France. Within a month we heard of Lillian's death; but I believe the child buried as Uncle Frank's daughter was really Beryl Lindon."

"You mean he changed the children?"

Harold nodded. "But it would be impossible! How could he pass off a child of seven for a baby of three?"

"We don't know that he did. He placed the little girl in the care of a country doctor some time after her mother's death; but there is no telling what age he gave her. Mother, don't you see this explains so much? Aunt Nina never guessed his hateful plot. She died believing it was her own child, Lillian Dynevor, who would grow up heiress of the Manor. She could have had very little to leave, that little she naturally bequeathed to her husband. The phrase 'all my real and personal property' was no doubt his choice. If Lillian had been alive he would have inherited only a little ready money, in spite of that high-sounding phrase; with Lillian dead, he took everything."

"It would be the blackest sin I ever heard of!" breathed Mrs. Dynevor.

Bridget Ransom nodded her head.

"But he did it, ma'am. Why you've only to ask his housekeeper, or the young lady herself, to hear he had no love or affection for the poor girl he called his daughter. He treated her with open indifference, if not neglect. Now the little child I left in France he simply worshipped!"

"Mother," said Harold, "here come the girls. You won't let Beryl think she is less welcome because you know her secret?"

Beryl and Kitty looked from one to the other of the little group, bewildered. It was Mrs. Dynevor who spoke, and to Beryl.

"My dear," she said gently, "Mrs. Ransom has come here chiefly to see you. She has heard a great deal of you from a Mrs. Markham, and so I have learned your real name and the link between us."

"And can you forgive me for being my father's daughter?"

"Your father, unless we all mistake, was my brother-in-law, Frank Dynevor. My dear, Mrs. Ransom lived with your mother for years. She is ready to swear that you are not and cannot be, Beryl Lindon; we think you are my niece, Lillian."

"She is her mother's image," said Mrs. Ransom; "and, though it is not a compliment to say so, she looks older than eighteen. Twenty-two at Christmas would be Miss Lillian's age."

The girl who had so long thought herself Beryl Lindon burst into tears. "Then it was not a dream that I had played in the deserted nursery at the Manor, that I had had a frock like the one in the picture, and 'Pet' was my own name after all!"

Mrs. Ransom accepted the hospitality of Uplands for the night, and a telegram to Marton brought Mr. Proctor to the farm before the family had finished breakfast.

"I should play a game of bluff," he counselled, "and tell Mr. Lindon you have discovered his fraud. Most probably he'll give in and confess everything; otherwise, you'll have to go first to Ponts-neufs, and see the doctor who attended the real Beryl Lindon; then on to St. Jaent, where she is reported to have died, and get a description of the child buried in her name. If the two gentlemen are still practicing in the same townships the task would be easy enough; if they have moved on, and have to be traced, it might take a long time; therefore, as I say, I advise a game of bluff."

Mrs. Tanner's supposed letter had come by that morning's post; but that also brought another from the gentle widow herself, saying she was persuaded to prolong her stay another week. Mrs. Dynevor would, she knew, be pleased to keep Miss Lindon, so she hoped the change of plan would be agreeable to every one.

"Depend upon it," said Harold, "the second letter came from Mrs. Wilmot, and was written at Mr. Lindon's request. He must have caught a glimpse of you yesterday at the Manor, and this is a ruse to get you into his hands."

"Must I go?" she asked anxiously. "No," said Mr. Proctor; "but Harold Dynevor, who is, I believe, your next-of-kin, will keep the appointment at Woodlands in your stead. I shall accompany him as his legal adviser, and Mrs. Ransom will come, too, to speak to her recollections of the real Beryl Lindon."

Mr. Lindon had waited a good ten minutes when the bell at Woodlands rang loudly. Another moment and he was confronted by the man he most feared and disliked, and the woman

he recognized as his wife's devoted attendant.

"So you are Mrs. Tanner, and the note asking her governess to return was a forgery?" said Mr. Proctor.

"Sir," said Lindon haughtily, "I deny your right to interfere in my domestic concerns. I have come to Easthill to find my daughter, and remove her from the society of my enemies!"

Then Mr. Proctor spoke. He was so positive of Harold's suspicions being correct he felt justified in assuming facts.

"Your daughter is not in England, Mr. Lindon," he said curtly. "We have recently discovered your fraud. She is buried at St. Jaent in Brittany, under the name of her half-sister. Lillian Dynevor is still alive, and the lawful owner of all you have so long usurped. As she came of age last December, you cannot even claim the role of her guardian."

"It is false!" cried the wretched man. "—"

"You married Julia Maunders to make her hold her tongue," struck in Mrs. Ransom; "but you forgot me, Mr. Lindon. Ah! overruling Providence threw your late housekeeper in my way, and when we had exchanged our opinions about you we knew pretty well the truth of the matter."

"I defy you to prove it!"

Harold Dynevor interposed. "As Lillian's next-of-kin, I am here with power to act for her. Mr. Lindon, you can make your choice: Sign a full confession of your fraud, disgorge your ill-gotten gains and leave England, when you will receive an annuity of 500 pounds a year, or defy us. You may hold your own for two or three months, until we find the doctor who attended your child; but you will then be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and the result will probably be penal servitude for life."

Like all bullies, Eustace Lindon was a coward. Mr. Proctor's plan had answered, and he saw that he was beaten. Better far accept his freedom and an annuity sufficient to keep him than end his days in a convict prison. The trio left him, carrying away his signed confession, and with the understanding that a representative of Mr. Proctor would take possession of the house in Elchester square in the name of Lillian Dynevor, and that he gave up all the moneys of his stepdaughter which he had appropriated, within a month.

And when they told Lillian—how strange and unfamiliar the name sounded—her good fortune she astonished them all by bursting into tears, and declaring she would rather remain Mrs. Tanner's governess than return to Dynevor Manor as its mistress. But that of course was impossible.

(To be Continued.)

## Vows Recorded in France.

In many churches of Provence and Italy, especially those near the sea, ex voto paintings placed on the walls in accordance with vows made by pilgrims in moments of danger are often remarkable for their frames. Among the curiosities may be enumerated laths formed of splinters from ships that have been wrecked; also frames made of pieces of heavy cables, occasionally painted bright hues, but sometimes left in their primitive gray color, splashed with tar. Nailed to the laths surrounding a painting representing sailors fighting with fierce savages may be seen African or Polynesian spears and darts, or swords made of hardwood, evidently mementoes of terrific struggles. Sailors or landsmen who have made vows during times of peril at sea, and who have no trophies to display, will surround their paintings with broad bands of wood heavily incrustated with shells and seaweed, not infrequently of rare and extremely beautiful kinds.

## Missed His Calling.

A young insurance man received an introduction to some good people a few days ago in a manner which he will not soon forget. The friend who did the honors was somewhat of a wag, but was one of those quiet, sober, polished men whom one meets occasionally. Upon this occasion he was as grave and dignified as a church deacon, and seemingly perfectly sincere. He said: "I would like to make you acquainted with Mr. B—. I can recommend him to your good graces, having known both him and his family for years. His father is one of the best men I know, and their family is an old one. There is only one thing I might say. Mr. B. is an insurance man and I have always insisted that any one who could tell as good a lie as he can ought either to be a piano tuner or a lightning rod agent."—Cleveland Leader.

## Experiments with Marine Torch.

Experiments have been carried out on the Thames by the Thames Conservancy board with the marine torch with conspicuous success. The tubes containing the calcium carbide ignited immediately the substance came into contact with the water, casting a brilliant light, which was visible for a considerable distance. There is every probability of this torch being requisitioned for the illumination of certain parts of the river by night for the guidance of vessels, etc. The existing illuminants are inadequate and very unsatisfactory, whereas the acetylene gas sheds a glaring pure white light, covering a wide area.

Pearson—I'd like to know who sent me this abusive letter. I'll bet it was that crank next door. Mrs. Pearson—I don't think so, John. It must have been some one who knows you much better than he does.

# State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

It has been requested that this department enlighten the public on the character of a "hold up" bill.

It is a bill introduced in the legislature to frighten somebody into paying money to secure its defeat. The interests most frequently attacked in this way are the railroad, telegraph, telephone, express and insurance companies. A bill will be put in, for example, reducing the rates charged or imposing some other hardship upon the telegraph companies. It appears to be in the interests of the public and many members innocently support it. After a time it gains so much headway that it seems likely to pass. The telegraph people become alarmed and send men to Lincoln to fight it. Some friendly man who just happens to be loafing around the lobbies will drop around and say that he overheard somebody say that the bill could be defeated for a certain amount of money. If the telegraph folks are well scared they will invite a conference and after awhile will pay anywhere from \$500 to \$5,000 to have the bill killed. Then the men pushing the bill will suddenly lose interest in the measure, or find that it is unconstitutional, and it will die a more or less mysterious death.

Of late years the "grafter" or "hold ups" have not been picking in Nebraska. In 1897 a regular hold up syndicate was conducted in Lincoln, but the work was so bold that the interests attached were obliged to take measures for self defense. An open exposure such as the "hold ups" suffered at the hands of Representative Tomsen is usually enough to cause the whole industry to languish for several years.

The lobby has not received such a shaking up in several years as it is receiving now at the hands of the "hold-up" committee. This committee is finding its task quite a little larger than was at first supposed and the scope of the investigation seems to include much more than the job was undertaken. The lobby has been proceeding with caution since the first explosion, but those who are not yet under the ban are gloating over the discomfiture of their opponents. There is competition in the lobby as well as elsewhere and the lobbyists left on the field and unmentioned are thinking what a feast they will have when the present trouble blows over. The committee knows this and when it reports, it may spring a surprise on some of these gentlemen, which will cause them to seek cover in earnest.

There is another side to the cry of "hold-up" bills which Chairman Fowler of the investigating committee will probably take into consideration. Corporations and individuals take advantage of the cry to suppress legitimate legislation. A bill may be to correct an evil and be one which the people desire to have passed, but under the cry of "hold-up" it is killed by the members who may be controlled by the corporations or individuals.

A bill may have merit and yet be a hold up bill. This fact is admitted by every one. A measure may be meritorious and yet be introduced with the intention of extorting money. The object of the introducer is to secure profit to himself by introducing the bill and then having it killed. If it is not killed he loses his profit. It is a legend in legislative circles that a certain law now on the statutes was introduced many years ago for the purpose of being killed with profit to the person behind it. The members of the legislature looked into the measure and thought it was a good bill. They were begged by the introducer to vote against it, but a majority absolutely declined and the bill became a law and is by a majority of the citizens of the state believed to be a good measure. Frequent attempts to repeal the law have been made in vain. If the legend is true the bill was introduced for profit to the persons behind it, but it got away from them and became a law. One or more members of the legislature now interested in the present investigation were members of the legislature when this particular bill passed and refused to vote against it when so requested by the man who introduced it.

Up to this time the city of Lincoln has not been in the normal school business enough to count. It is like the state feels like accepting Governor Dietrich's suggestion to trade off the hospital for the insane for a big central normal the people here will not be disposed to make a disturbance. A good school is worth more to a town than an insane hospital or a penitentiary.

Governor Dietrich has greatly disturbed the advocates of the new normal schools by speaking out so frankly against them. Incidentally he has shown himself more than ever to be a business man rather than a politician. A governor who cared more for his own political future than for the condition of the state treasury would never say a word about a thing like the normal school bill. It is evident that the state has made quite a departure in putting a business man in the executive office. It will be interesting to see how far he will let his hard-headed business sense govern his actions and how much he will be swayed by the advice of politicians.

Judge Edgar Howard, now of Columbus, made a discovery in Lincoln recently that certainly deserves to be classed among the things that are important if true. "Before the week is over," he said, "the senatorial puzzle will be solved by the election of one republican and one fusionist. The republican will be the man who can deliver enough votes. The fusionist will be Allen, Hitchcock, Thompson, Harrington, Sullivan or Holcomb. If you are able to get at the right source of information, some of the republicans around the Lindell hotel will be able to tell you more than I can."

# GETS THROUGH SENATE

The Agricultural Measure Passes After a Four Days' Debate.

## TO BLOCK ACTION ON SUBSIDY BILL

Colorado Senator Announces that He Will Prevent Any Vote on Shipping Bill During Present Session—Miscellaneous Matters.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—That the opposition to the shipping bill in the senate will not permit a vote to be taken on the measure at the present session was made clear during the closing hour of today's session. For several days it has been evident that it would be difficult to gain unanimous consent to take a vote on the measure, but not until late today was the frank admission made that a vote could not be had.

During the few hours' consideration of the bill, Mr. Teller announced his intention to prevent a vote this session. In an impassioned speech he said he would not consent to a vote and it must be apparent that no vote could be had.

The statement by the Colorado senator elicited a sharp response from Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island, who insisted that despite the declaration of Mr. Teller the business of the senate would proceed in accordance with the wishes of the majority.

Mr. Teller's statement also drew the fire of Mr. Chandler of New Hampshire, who asserted that the position of the opposition was preposterous. Mr. Hanna of Ohio replied to Mr. Teller in a forceful speech in the course of which he became impassioned in his denunciation of the methods employed by the opposition to defeat the measure. The advocates of the bill, he said, were honestly endeavoring to advance the best interests of the country and he resented the insinuations against their honesty of purpose.

Prior to these remarks Mr. Perkins of California delivered an eloquent and forceful speech on the bill. He supported the bill, particularly the idea of giving subsidies to American vessels, but pointed out what he believed to be defects in the pending measure. He attacked especially the provision for foreign built ships.

Early in the day the agricultural appropriation bill was passed after being under discussion for nearly four days. Senators Tillman and Beveridge enlivened the session with a discussion of their relative knowledge of farming.

Mr. Mallory had opened the old fight upon seed distribution by offering an amendment proposing to strike out the provision for the distribution of seeds and substituting an increased appropriation for the purchase abroad of rare and valuable shrubs, vines and cuttings, with a view to adapting them to this country. He declared that the distribution of seeds was paternalism of the most offensive sort.

Mr. Tillman proposed a substitute for Mr. Mallory's amendment, providing, in brief, that the appropriation made in the bill for the purchase of seeds be doubled. Mr. Tillman asserted that the bill provided considerable sums of the weather bureau, which was of insignificant benefit to the farmers of the country, and for forestry, which had no direct connection with farming. To this statement Mr. Beveridge of Indiana took sharp exception, declaring that the South Carolina senator exhibited "dense ignorance" in his statement as to forestry.

"I'm obliged to our wise friend, the new Solomon from Indiana," said Mr. Tillman derisively, "if he will tell us what he knows about farming."

"I got my knowledge by practical experience," retorted Mr. Beveridge. Mr. Tillman replied, laughingly, that there "seemed to be innumerable lawyers" in the senate who were born on farms and perhaps use a plow for the first time in the senate as farmers.

"There are other farm implements of value beside the plow," suggested Mr. Beveridge; "there is the pitchfork," alluding to the South Carolina senator's political sobriquet.

"Ah! we have got the pitchfork in at last," said Mr. Tillman good naturedly. "Now I'll proceed to use it on the senator. Does the senator mean when he talks of the denudation of the land of trees, and of the drying up of rivers, that it affects the farmer or the commerce on the rivers?"

## Woman Landlord on Her Muscles.

MPHERSON, Kan., Feb. 15.—Mrs. Christina Aschman, owner of a building in Inman, the upper floor of which was rented for a billiard hall, became suspicious that liquor was being sold there and demanded admission. It was refused and she smashed the door in with an axe. The proprietor attempted interference, and Mrs. Aschman threw him down stairs, then proceeded to smash the contents of the room in Nation style.

## West Press Indian Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Congressman Gamble has decided not to press the bill ceding Indian lands in Gregory county, South Dakota, to the government. The Indian appropriation bill contains general authority for investigation with a view to securing cessions of such lands to the government. When the bill becomes a law Mr. Gamble will formally recommend that steps be taken to acquire Indian lands in Gregory county.

## THEY CRY FOR BREAD OR WORK.

Several Thousand Idle People Parade in Buda Pest. BUDA PEST, Feb. 16.—Several thousand persons out of work marched through the principal streets here today carrying notices such as "Bread or work is our right," and singing the "Marseillaise." They also began smashing the windows of restaurants and stores. The police, in force, dispersed the mob after scenes of violence, during which many arrests were made.

## Many Speaking Shakespeare's Language.

In the time of Charles I. there were about 5,000,000 people in the world speaking the language of Shakespeare; at the time of our first national census there were about 12,000,000, one-third of them in the United States; and there are children now going to school who will live to see this vast number trebled.—John Fiske in December Atlantic.

When a marriage engagement is broken it is another matrimonial failure.